

THE BETHEL NEWS.

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WEDNESDAY, NOV. 6, 1895.

SINGLE COPIES OF THE NEWS.
Single copies of the News are three cents
each. For convenience of patrons, single cop-
ies of each issue for sale at the following places:
Bethel, W. F. L. Goud of Dun-
ster, N. H., are in town today.
Selling jewelry, silverware, etc.,
at cost. Dana Philbrook, agent.
The Ellison Club go to West
Bethel Friday evening to give a
concert.

BETHEL LOCALS.

Bargains in boots, shoes and
rubbers at the Cash Shoe Store.
A. C. Littlehale of North Newry,
was in this village today.

Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Goud of Dun-
ster, N. H., are in town today.
Selling jewelry, silverware, etc.,
at cost. Dana Philbrook, agent.

The Ellison Club go to West
Bethel Friday evening to give a
concert.

Mr. Aked White of New York
City, a cousin of "ye editor," is in
Bethel today.

Dr. F. B. Tuff, wife and son, and
Mrs. Chase, returned from Boston
Tuesday afternoon.

Dana Philbrook is busy selling
out the jewelry stock formerly owned
by Mr. Fowler.

Mr. Campbell of West Bethel,
has moved into the Charles Mason
building on Main street.

We shall sell. Do you want to
buy boots, shoes, and rubbers at
cost? Cash Shoe Store, Bethel.

Asa Stearns, a brother of Eli
Stearns of this village, died at his
home in Rumford yesterday.

Walter Clark, who is working for
the Bethel Chair Company on Chap-
man brook, lost a horse yesterday.

John M. Philbrook is fixing up
the old shop on High street into a
stable. He is having the town wa-
ter put into it.

Miss Myra D. Webster of Bidde-
ford, is visiting Miss Ruby Clark.
They were formerly school-mates
at Bridgewater, Mass.

Goddard Brothers are putting
the store recently purchased by
them on Main street, into first class
repair, and will move into it this
week.

Mr. E. C. Chamberlain and fam-
ily went to Portland to spend a few
days, and have been called to Por-
tland on account of the serious
illness of Mrs. Chamberlain's aged
mother.

Roscoe C. Clark, who has for
some time been in the employ of
the Edgar Thompson Steel Works
of Braddock, Pa., has recently ac-
cepted the position of draughtsman
for that company.

The ladies of the W. C. T. U. will
please remember the regular meet-
ing will be held next Tuesday, No-
vember 12. A full attendance is
very necessary, as business of im-
portance awaits the action of the
Union.

The ladies' missionary meeting
was held at the home of Mrs. Pu-
rington Tuesday afternoon. It was
a meeting of unusual interest; re-
ports from the different mission
fields were given, and none was of
more interest than the one in our
own county. A knowledge of the
surrely stir our sympathies for them.

AUTOMATIC SPRING WASHER.
Testimonials.
I have used one of the folding
Automatic Spring Washers since
last May, during which time I did
three hundred and fifty family
washings with it. The clothes are
much whiter than when I washed
by hand, and my customers are
much pleased. I wash every piece
with the machine, and have washed
many suits of men's clothes,
heavy blankets, etc., in addition to
the above named family washings,
which proves that the machine is
very strong and durable.

Mrs. E. Fletcher.
South Paris, Maine.

I bought a Folding Automatic
Spring Washer last spring, and will
never try to do my washing with-
out it. Anyone can do a washing
in half the time it can be done by
hand, and with much less labor.
A thorough trial of the machine
will convince any woman that it
would become indispensable in her
home.

Mrs. C. L. Buck.
So. Paris, Me.

NORTH NORWAY.
Calvin Hussey is agent for the
"Busy Bee" washing machine.
Prudent Bédard, who disclaims
the name of Doctor, is performing
wonderful cures in this vicinity.

Hartford Macalaster raised
seventy bushels of yellow corn on
less than an acre. Some of the
ears are fifteen inches long.

SOUTH BETHEL.
Mrs. Silver is visiting in Hano-
ver.

Miss Morgan of Portland, is vis-
iting at L. W. Russell's.

J. O. Swan has returned to John-
ville, Que.

D. S. Cushman has gone to Ber-
lin, N. H.

R. J. Virgin, C. F. Silver and Os-
mond Smith went to Boston Mon-
day.

ACADEMY NOTES.

Reviews are the order of the day
this week.

Mrs. Wiley was among the vis-
itors present Friday.

The trustees had a meeting in
their room in the Academy, Tues-
day.

The snow has been utilized by
the scholars for snow-balling con-
tests.

The last declaiming for the term
occurred last Friday, and some of
the bashful ones heaved a sigh of
relief.

Shall it be pins or rings, is the
question which has been agitating
the graduating class the past week.
The young ladies say "pins," the
young men say "rings."

The Hallow'en sociable was
well attended. The usual pro-
gramme was departed from to some
extent, tricks being performed
and a "ghost" appearing in ad-
dition to the customary games.

ALBANY.
H. O. Wilbur is coming out with
a new two-horse farm wagon.

Leon Kimball and his aunt, C.
L. Cole have gone to Lynn, Mass.,
to visit friends.

Round Mountain Grange held a
box supper and dance at their hall
Tuesday night.

School in Merrill and Clark Dis-
tricts closed the fall term last Sat-
urday. The others all close this
week. There will be two weeks
vacation and then comes the win-
ter term.

Eben Barker has returned from
Milford, Mass., where he has been
spending the last few weeks, sup-
posed to be visiting his brother
Amos, but when he came back he
brought a young wife. They have
gone to Bridgton on a wedding
tour. Eben says he will give the
boys a party and treat soon. All
hands join in wishing him a hap-
py and successful voyage on the
frop-pond of life.

Chas. Marton had quite an ex-
perience with rifle cartridges the
other night. While out deer hunt-
ing in the night he had a small fire
Indian fashion and laid down to
get warm, when his pocket took
fire and exploded some half-dozen
cartridges in his pocket. Charles
got up and said if they had gotten
through popping he would count
up and see how many he had lost.

L. C. Johnson and wife have
taken advantage of the railroad
excursion and gone to Boston.

Arthur Cross and wife have re-
turned to Boston, where he is em-
ployed as motor man on the street
cars.

Mrs. Josiah Kimball who is in
the hospital at Portland, is worse
and her mother, Mrs. Egan,
has gone to be with her.

The Grange held a bonnet
party dance, and supper Tuesday
evening with good attendance.

Mrs. F. G. Salome is one of the
most successful sportsmen in the
vicinity. She shot three partridge
in one afternoon recently.

BUCKFIELD.
Another well is being sunk on
High St., 24 ft. in diameter.

Arlington Damons machine shop
on Depot St. is nearing completion.

H. F. Pray of Fryeburg Centre,
W. T. Eustace of Dixfield, and J.
H. Decoster of Mechanic Falls,
have lately been in town.

The old church on the hill, built
and dedicated about 65 years ago
as a Union church, after going
through a thorough course of re-
pairs, is now owned by the town
at an expense of \$300. Saturday,
it was dedicated as a town hall,
the citizens and the Buckfield and
East Sumner G. A. R. Posts par-
ticipating with a camp-fire.

The meeting was opened by the
band, prayer by Rev. Mr. Law-
rence, after which the President,
T. L. Brigham, calling to the
people, the following named re-
sponded: Alfred Cole gave an his-
torical account of the church, then
came Rev. Mr. Lawrence, O. R.
Hall, M. D., H. A. Irish, J. N. Ir-
ish, F. P. Withington, H. D. Irish,
L. B. Bisbee, and Sharon Robinson.
The old landmark has been repair-
ed mostly by subscription, the
larger part coming from those who
were reared under its shadow, so
to speak, and have gone out and
made their mark in the world.
Ex-Governor Long of Massachu-
setts, gave \$50, and others paid lib-
erally, and these, as well as the in-
habitants here, will rejoice that
the house with its spire pointing
heavenward has a new lease of
life. The people are indebted to
F. P. Withington than any other,
for his zeal in pushing the thing
against great opposition.

Sweetheart, Good-bye.
The dew is on the summer rose,
The summer moonlight softly glows;
And softly, too, the night wind blows,
And softly sighs for sighs.
O'ercome good-night with smile and bow
I've said, while laughter lit thy brow;
But come a sudden shadow now,
Sweetheart, good-bye.

Good-bye! If we should never meet
Thy smile hath made the past so sweet
Fair memory's lamp shall light my way
Where'er my pathway lie.
But now, when fortune bids me stray
From all that makes the present gay,
Alas! how hard it is to say,
Sweetheart, good-bye.

Good-bye! Sweetheart, with eyes of blue,
Whose glance can shame the morning dew,
And teach the stars to shine more true,
For thou art dearer than the sun.
You are my dream asleep or wake,
For thee my hopes are all I make.
Than live in bliss for others' sake,
Sweetheart, good-bye.

Sweetheart, good-bye!
Sweetheart, good-bye!

South Bethel.
Mrs. Silver is visiting in Hano-
ver.

Miss Morgan of Portland, is vis-
iting at L. W. Russell's.

J. O. Swan has returned to John-
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D. S. Cushman has gone to Ber-
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R. J. Virgin, C. F. Silver and Os-
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THE ONLY

Great and thoroughly re-
liable building-up medicine,
nerve tonic, vitalizer and

Blood Purifier
Before the people today, and
which stands preeminently
above all other medicines, is

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla
It has won its hold upon the
hearts of the people by its
own absolute intrinsic merit.
It is not what we say, but
what Hood's Sarsaparilla
does that tells the story.

Hood's Cures
Even when all other prepara-
tions and prescriptions fail.
"As a blood purifier we cannot
find the equal of Hood's Sarsaparilla.
When any of our family feel
headache or tired feeling, we get
Hood's Sarsaparilla, and in a short
time we are in good health." RUTH
MATHER, 250 Short St., Aurora,
Illinois.

Get HOOD'S
Hood's Pills are tasteless, mild, effec-
tive. All druggists.

WEST BETHEL.
"Green things gettin' mighty scarce,
Purty night all said;
Time for luggin' stores and gals,
Nights are gettin' cold."
Sleighs and sleds were out Fri-
day.

The Hallow'en snow storm
came quite unexpectedly.

Leonard Sumner moved here
from South Paris on Friday last.

I. N. Wilbur, who has worked
in and around the mill here for ten
years, moved to Lewiston last
week.

Rev. Z. J. Wheeler of West Par-
is, is expected to preach in the
school-house next Sunday after-
noon and evening.

Our school is doing finely, and
we are fortunate in having such
good teachers as Miss Kimball and
Miss Chapman sent here.

Lawrence E. Allen has found
employment here as engineer in
the mill, and will no longer work
for the Bethel Chair Company.

The drought becomes more se-
vere as the months roll by, and
wells are now dry which yielded
water in October. If heavy rains
do not fall before winter sets in
many will be obliged to melt snow.

HE WAS FOND OF OYSTERS.
And Having the Chance Bargained For a
Real Sea-Port Meal of Them.
There was a man who lived in the far
west. He had never eaten any oyster
except canned ones, and after eating
those he said:
"I would much rather eat the oysters.
They taste just the same and are cheap-
er."
He was a western business man, but
one night his chief competitor held up
a straight flush. So the man became
a bankrupt and went to live with his
uncle in Baltimore. The first night he
was there, his uncle gave him "a dozen
oysters." The man took up the first one
on his fork and tasted it gingerly. Then
he looked at the rest and said to his
uncle, "At that moment he half believed
himself in heaven. But his eye fell upon
his uncle and he knew that that
could not be. For he knew his uncle
very well."
From that day the man lived for
nothing but oysters. He threw away the
little cabinet where he formerly kept
his whisky and put in its place a box
of oysters. He would wake up in the night
murmuring, "saddle rocks," and when
he admired a woman very much, he
would call her "a perfect blue point."
But he never got any more oysters
as he wanted. There was always some-
thing which interfered with his eating
his fill. So one day he slipped away
from his friends and went down to an
oyster boat. He hailed the captain and
asked:
"How much will you charge for as
many oysters as I can eat?"
The captain looked at him, and saw
that he was not a huge man, and that
outwardly he bore no resemblance to a
cold storage warehouse.
"One dollar and a half," he said.
The man gave the captain the money,
and sat down to eat a table. Then the
captain opened oysters for him. All the
morning the captain opened oysters,
and a great crowd of people gathered
about to watch the man eat and to bet
on the result. At noon the man had
taken his place. As the dusk of early
evening was creeping over the water
the man arose from his seat, and with
the help of admiring bystanders, he
gathered across the heads of shells and
vanished in the crowd, which opened for
him to pass.
Then the captain opened his eyes and
gazed wildly about the deck. He rose,
and leaning weakly against a chair back
surveyed the scattered remnants of his
stock in trade.
"I am ruined, ruined, ruined!" he
said hoarsely.
"You have a dollar and a half on
which to begin life again," said the
man, who was holding the table amount
to one dollar and a half. "Begin life
honestly by paying your debts."
The man from the far west died that
evening, but he died happy. His last
words were:
"Perhaps—in heaven—I shall
sleep on an oyster bed."—Chicago
Tribune.

Won the Cup.
"What are these cups for?" asked a
well dressed man of a jeweler, pointing
to some elegant silver cups on the coun-
ter.
"These are race cups, to be given as
prizes."
"If that's so, suppose you and I race
for one?" And the stranger, with the
cup in hand, started, the jeweler after
him. The stranger won the cup.—Pick
Me Up.

Getting to It.
Anxious Mother.—Has Mr. Bashful
proposed yet?
Daughter.—Not exactly, but last even-
ing, when I was holding little Dick in
my lap, Mr. Bashful went to the piano
and sang "Would I Were a Boy Again."
—Quiver.

HANOVER.

School closed in the village last
week.

Our library is soon to have more
books.

Ed. Billings has gone into the
woods for Norton Holt.

Albe Gordon is contemplating run-
ning a fish cart.

Mr. Blanchard, our meat man, is
to have an auction this week Wednes-
day.

Hunting was the order of the day
here Friday. Several deer were seen
but none were captured.

Otis Hayford has moved the car-
penter shop over the old stable cellar,
and will convert it into a stable.

Snow made its appearance here the
last night of October, to a depth
of five or six inches and in the back
pastures it was even deeper so, that
the horses and cattle had to be taken
home. The snow is now disappear-
ing under the warm rays of the sun,
but the fields are still quite white.

WILSON'S MILLS.
About five inches of snow fell
here Thursday night.

A party of hunters recently shot
a caribou in this vicinity.

R. A. Story has gone to Colebrook,
N. H., for medical treatment; his
throat and stomach have been
troubling him.

Lucy Durkee, wife of Elias G.
Bennett, died at her home in Wil-
son's Mills, October 27th, aged thirty-
four years, after a long and pain-
ful illness. She was the daughter
of Sophronia and Z. F. Durkee, of
Magalloway Plantation, Me. Fun-
eral services were held Wednes-
day at the middle school house,
conducted by Rev. Mr. Holmes of
Colebrook, N. H., assisted by Rev.
S. S. York of Wilton, Me. Mr.
Holmes spoke very comforting and
helpful words from the text, "There
shall be no night there." It had
been the request of the deceased
that the beautiful and appropriate
selection, "Meet me there," should
be sung at her funeral. This and
the familiar hymn, "Shall we meet,"
were the selections sung. Mrs.
Bennett leaves one son who feels
her loss deeply, and has the sym-
pathy of all his friends. She also
leaves her aged mother, two sisters,
Mrs. B. H. Flint and Mrs. B. Wil-
son, and her two brothers, Wm. F.
Durkee and Ziba F. Durkee of
Bethel, to mourn her loss. Mrs.
Bennett was tenderly cared for by
kind friends during her long illness.
She was an affectionate mother and
sister, a good wife and a kind
daughter. The family have the
sympathy of the community in
their loss.

Dear sister, thou hast left us,
Thy little soul is free;
And soon we hope to meet thee
Upon the heavenly shore.
The night of pain and sorrow,
For thee has passed away;
And thou art in a better place;
The glad, triumphant day.
We grieve for thee, dear sister,
And rather know thee best;
Thy brother has been tried,
And given thee perfect rest.

SUNDAY RIVER.
L. S. Stowe shot two deer last
Friday.

Walter Farinham of Greenwood
was in town last week on business.

O. P. Littlehale and Will William-
son went to Boston last Thursday
to spend the winter.

Miss Annie Baleman expects to
spend the winter here with her aunt
Mrs. Margaret Williamson.

Andrew Jackson is at work with
his team for Mr. Barrows yarding
spruce in the Chapman brook valley.

Mrs. Wilkins returned to her home
in Berlin, N. H., Saturday.

Leonard Lea vitt accompanied by
Robert Foster, visited his bear-traps
in Ketchum one day last week.

In one of the traps they found a large
beaver. After firing a rifle ball through
the beaver's head, Mr. Leavitt went
near the bear which instantly sprang
against him, throwing him to the
ground, his brave dog soon came to
the rescue and freed his master from
the too friendly embrace of the fer-
ocious animal.

TEA AND COFFEE.
ELEGANT PRESENTS
GIVEN AWAY.

C. J. Raymond has opened up
a line of
Tea and Coffee
at his home in Mayville and in-
vites any one to come and inspect
with EVERY POUND OF TEA
you have your choice of a nice
selection of
GLASS OR CHINA WARE.
He has an elegant line to select
from and you pay no more for the
Tea and Coffee than is asked at
the stores.

C. J. RAYMOND,
BETHEL, ME.

PUNS AND PUNSTERS.

A DEFINITION OF THE FORMER AND
EXAMPLES OF THE LATTER.

A Few Specimens of the Better Class
of the Lowest Form of Wit—Tom Hood the
Prince of British Puns—He Puns as
Naturally as He Laughs.

Is the pun a legitimate form of wit?
Some people think not, and Dr. Johnson
said that a man would make a pun
that pick a pocket. But the fact is
that the general objection to puns is be-
cause of their frequent lack of wit—
that is to say, it is directed to bad puns.
We do not want to discuss bad puns—
even to discuss them. The point is,
whether good puns are admissible as
legitimate and commendable expres-
sions of humor. It is of no use to say,
like Sydney Smith, that puns ought to
be in bad repute, the few that are
found an incorrigible punster—often, it
is true, an incorrigible bore—in every
little crotchet of social life, one does not
find the trace of pickpockets, to be in-
creasing alarmingly in numbers. Nor
does the statistics of crime seem to bear
any relation to the productions of
Punchet or Brough or of Gilbert to the
puns of the aristocracy and the cultivation
of the statistics of crime seem to bear
any relation to the productions of
Punchet or Brough or of Gilbert to the
puns of the aristocracy and the cultivation

It is probable that there are a few,
even in these days of culture, capable of
appreciating the profound witicism
which De Quincey discovered in the
jest for which poor Julius Lamia was
sent to death by Domitian.

Cicero had the name of being a great
punster, although not many of his wit-
icisms have come down to us. There is
one, however, that may be appreciated
even without a knowledge of Latin.
Once a Jew attempted to get the cause
of Verres into his own hands, and Cleo-
ro, who believed the Jew to be a mere
tool of the culprits, opposed him by say-
ing, "What hath a Jew to do with
swine's flesh?" The Romans called a
bore "verres," so that the point was
neat and suggestive.

If we want to argue the legitimacy of
puns we are obliged to fall back on the
old discussion as to the difference be-
tween wit and humor. The definitions
are logical of course, but not one of
them is wholly satisfactory. "Knowl-
edge comes and wisdom follows," Ten-
nyson says, and perhaps we might found
upon this a parody, with some approach
to truth—that wit sparkles and humor
permeates. But there is little profit to
be got in analysis of this kind. What is
funny isn't necessarily witty, but what
is witty must have in it or suggested
by it some of the essence of the humor.
Thus Charles Lamb was not so far
wrong when he said that the most far-
fetched and startling puns are the best.

The familiar inquiry, "Is it true that
the first apple was eaten by the first
pair?" is farfetched, but one cannot
deny the humor of it. Again, in the
condemner, "Why is blind man's bull?
Because it is a fellow creature," there
is a direct application which is also
unquestionably humorous. Then,
as another example of a pun which is
shrewdly apparent, there was Douglas
Jerold's remark about a man to whom
he had repeatedly written in vain for
some money.

"I have written him," said Jerold to
an acquaintance, "but got nothing."
"Strange," said the other, "for he is
a man full of kindness."

"Yes," rejoined Jerold, "unremitt-
ing kindness."
A pun which requires explanation in
brackets is indeed simply intolerable.

The Oxford scholar who, meeting a
porter carrying a hare through the
streets, asked, "Fritter, friend, is that
thy own hare or a wife?" received no
comment. This same story is some-
times attributed to Charles Lamb. Nor
did Tom Hood, who, when all is said
and done, remains the prince of British
puns, as naturally as he does a
laugh. A babe can see the point of his
jokes, and the crustiest dry-as-dust can-
not resist them.

The book is thought by many
to be equal to Hood as a punster, but
Hook was labored and slow in com-
pensation. There is an impromptu air about
Hood's puns which is incomparable, and
as an unexpectedness, even when you
are looking for them, this is delicious.
Frederick Locker once or twice seemed
to have Hood's unconsciousness, as thus:
He cannot be complete in anger
Who is not humorously prone.
A man without a merry thought
Can hardly have a funny bone.

John Hill Burton relates a legal joke
which, to the legal mind, has all the
charm of a pun. One day a bailiff, serv-
ing a writ, had been compelled by the
defendant to swallow the document. In
a state of great agitation and anger the
officer rushed into the court, over which
Lord Norbury was presiding, to com-
plain of the indignity. He was met by
the expression of his lordship's hope
that the writ was "not returnable in
this court."

Bret Harte, by the way, is not un-
usually regarded as a professional wit,
and yet among the good things which cling
to him is the couplet in the
"Heavenly Chinese":
Concealed in his nails, which were taper,
What is common in tapers—that's a wit.

Somebody has written a parody in
which a candidate for nomination even
beats the record of the Mongolian:
Concealed in his palms, which were spacious,
What is common in palms—and that's a wit.

Speaking of palms recalls the famous
pun of the bishop of Oxford, who, when
asked by a lady why he was nicknamed
Soapy Sam, replied, "Because, madam,
I am always getting into hot water and
always coming out with clean hands."

Perhaps it may be said that some
of these examples are not true puns. But
a pun is not necessarily a twisting of
spelling and a contortion of syllables,
as the writers of burlesque and "comic"
papers seem to think. It is play upon
words, and to be really entitled to be
considered witty should play both upon
the sound and the sense, if possible.—
Philadelphia Press.

Tale of the Pins.
In the manager's office in large whole-
sale houses there usually always hangs a
map of territory surrounding Chicago
which is stuck full of pins with red,
blue, green or yellow glass heads. At
first glance there seems to be little
method in the madness with which the
pins are placed, but to the merchant
they are eloquent and tell exactly the
sort of goods or quantity sold in a cer-
tain territory. In laying out routes for
salesmen instructions are issued accord-
ing to the tale told by the pins, and
when a certain section remains sparsely
settled with the pins, the manager
is laid out and the driver and the sales-
man are sent in to capture it. Circulars, posters, local
advertisements and every sort of com-
mercial gain is turned on the territory
until it capitulates. So general is the
use of these pins in wholesale houses
that a firm makes a business of supply-
ing them, with other office fixtures.—
Chicago Tribune.

Inclined to Assist Him.
"You don't object to a contributor
dropping into poetry once in awhile, I
suppose?" said the caller, with an affa-
ble smile.
"Certainly not, sir. Sit down," re-
plied the editor, pushing the waste
basket toward him.—Chicago Tribune.

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING

Can be obtained in but few places, and those places are hard
to find.

C. L. DAVIS,
General Trucking and Dealer in
COAL, WOOD, &c.
Trucking of every kind promptly attended to.
Orders to be left at home.
O. L. DAVIS
MAIN STREET, BETHEL, MAINE.

Bethel House,
W. F. Lovejoy & Son, Prop'rs,
BETHEL HILL, - - - MAINE.
This popular house has been repaired since last season, the stable and other buildings have been moved to the rear of the house, leaving the view of the Mountains unobstructed. Parties wanting a quiet summer home will find this one of the most desirable places in the Mount region.

Burnham & Barney's
STANDARD ORCHESTRA
OF BERLIN, N. H.
(5 TO 8 PIECES).
Up to date music furnished for all occasions. Public or Private.
Terms Reasonable.

DR. C. L. BUCK,
DENTIST.
SOUTH PARIS, - - - MAINE.
It is our aim to save teeth, not destroy them.
We visit Lockes Mills every second Wednesday.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.

WANTED!
ALL KINDS OF
FURS & SKINS.
Highest Cash Prices
-PAID FOR-
Bear, Fisher, Fox, Skunk, Mink, Martin.
S. N. BUCK
BETHEL, - - - MAINE.

Something New in
Photographs
Photograph work of all kinds, nicely done and Satisfaction guaranteed.

C. S. YORK,
BETHEL, ME.

H. L. HORNE
Manufacturer and Dealer in

LUMBER,
Hard Wood Flooring, Mouldings, Brackets, Door and Window Frames, Sash, Blinds And Doors, Door, and Window Screens a specialty. Cedar hitching posts, and all kinds of Shingles, Clapboards, Sheathing and House Finish. Ladders are useful in case of fire.

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LOVELL.
Miss Annie Walker is spending the winter in the west.
Mrs. Walter Bassett has a young daughter about a week old.
Mrs. Everett Farnum spent last Saturday at G. H. Moore's.
Jeanne Gray of Sweden, is at work for Mrs. Seth Hutchins.
Mrs. Alanson Bassett is spending the winter in Philadelphia.
Addie Andrews of Lovell Centre, is spending the week with her parents.
G. H. Moore and wife visited their brother, Seth Moore, last Thursday at N. Bridgton.
Mrs. Marshall Walker has recently gone west where she is to spend the winter with her brother.
Mr. Joseph Brackett and wife have removed to Stowe for a short time and are stopping with their daughter.
Mamie Peard and Larrie Hubbard are at home this week from N. Bridgton where they are attending school.
The morning of Nov. 1st, found us with fully an inch of snow, but it soon melted, and last night a little more came to pass away likewise.
The work in the cornshop continued this week until Thursday noon, when it stopped for lack of orders. The labels for the apples not having arrived there has been nothing done since.

EAST BETHEL.
Gene and George Haines each shot a deer last week.
Miss Minnie Cox of Norway is assisting in the store.
Miss May Holt is stopping with Mrs. Asa Stearns for a short time.
W. H. Tracy took a short vacation last week and visited friends in Norway.
Lillian R. Kimball closed a term of school often weeks in So. Bethel Nov. 1st.
Mr. Fred Morton of Lockes Mills visited at C. B. Kimball's last week.
Rose R. Kimball is slowly recovering from a severe cold and bronchial trouble.
Mr. Mann will spend the winter at C. C. Kimball's, who is at work in the woods for M. Holt.
Gorham, N. H.
Wild Barank is very sick.
Nat Griffin working in at Scratch Corner.
Geo. Staples, of Gilead, Me. was in town Tuesday.
The new bell for the Catholic church has arrived and it is a fine one.
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Heart Disease Kills
Suddenly, but never without warning symptoms, such as Faint, Weak or Hungry Spells, Irregular or Intermittent Pulse, Fluttering or Palpitation of the Heart, Choking, Coughing, Shortness of Breath, Swelling of Feet and Ankles, etc.

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure,
Cures Heart Disease.

Mr. Geo. L. Smith, of the Geo. L. Smith Mfg. Co., Louisville, Ky., writes Feb. 25, 1894: "For about a year I was a terrible sufferer from heart trouble, which got so bad I was obliged to sit up in bed to get my breath. I had to abandon business and could hardly crawl around. My friend, Mr. J. C. Smith, of our leading pharmacy, asked me to try Dr. Miles' Heart Cure. I had used little more than a bottle when the pain ceased and palpitations entirely disappeared. I have not had the slightest trouble since, and today I am attending to business as regularly as ever."

LOOK AT THE LUMBERMEN'S GOODS
CASH SHOE STORE.
and get our prices before purchasing elsewhere.
WE CAN GIVE YOU
SOME GOOD BARGAINS.
Call and see us.
C. M. MARSHALL & CO.
BETHEL, ME.

SONG FOR THE GUITAR.
I grieve to see these tears—
Long strangers to these eyes—
These jewels that fond years
Weep, weep and give thy heart relief.
Not for these tears—these were
Another's eyes they fell—
But those that never stir
The fountain where the soul dwells.
I'd smile though thou shouldst weep a sea
Were but a single tear for me—
—Robert J. Johnson in Century.

A BROTHERLY FEUD.
They Had Fallen Out Over a Wife Bargain Case and Meant Murder.

"The queerest feud ever heard of," said M. C. Allen, the well known sportsman, "is one that I encountered while hunting in southern Humboldt county. I noticed our guide carried a repeating rifle, a big revolver and a knife half as long as his leg. He proceeded with the greatest caution and appeared to be on guard continually. I knew there were no hostile Indians in that country, and my curiosity was aroused. Finally I asked him what the trouble was."

"Oh, I don't look out for some fellow," he replied in his Swedish dialect. "What's the trouble, anyway?" I inquired.

"Oh, nuttin' much. Maybe a pig man with a gun watch me pretty close too."

"Who is he?"

"Oh, he is my brother. Last time I fix him plenty, you bet. He come back now, and maybe he fix me."

"Inquiry developed the fact that the brothers had settled in Humboldt county years ago, and our guide, who was married, had left a pretty sister-in-law in Sweden. The brothers talked the matter over, and finally agreed that the one who should marry the sister-in-law, and when she reached this country he would give his old wife to his brother and take his sister-in-law."

"The girl arrived in due time, but who was so sure of the matter?"

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CHINESE HAIR SOAP.
It is Disagreeable to Look at, But Has Excellent Effect.
In the great empire of China you run across some very odd things, writes Margherita Arina Hannum. One of these is what you might call hair soap. It is made of a very old kind of soap. How it is made I never could find out, but from the mere appearance of the article I should say it was composed of fine curled hair, oatmeal, wheat husks, grease and a little bergamot. It looks like the world like some of the old cakes which dairymen feed to their cows in winter time. In the market it is sold by the cake, or to those who cannot afford the luxury in small pieces. The cake is round or elliptical in outline, from an inch to 2 inches in thickness, from 12 inches to 2 feet in length and from 8 to 15 inches in width. It must weigh two or three pounds.

In using it, your maid breaks off a piece about as large as an ordinary cake of toilet soap. When applied to the hair, it produces a fair lather, and the hair and scalp are washed and worked together in the soap. The rubbing causes them to swell and the scalp to peel the hair itself. The subsequent rinsing carries away all these vegetable ingredients and leaves the hair and scalp in beautiful condition—the former soft and silky, the latter pink and warm. While the hair is so very soft, it is not difficult to seem altogether ridiculous, yet if you use it once you are simply charmed with your new acquisition and employ it regularly thereafter.

Equally good as the soap are the tongue scrapers. They are made of tin for the poor, of silver for the prosperous and of gold for the very rich. They are about the general dimensions of a whalebone, excepting they are much shorter, and have a width of four inches in length, and from that they are of a foot. One end of the metal ribbon is attached to a silver ring, by which the scraper can be hung from a nail in the bathroom when not in use.

The edges are not sharp, like a knife, but resemble that of a screwdriver. What is wanted is an edge that will not cut on the one side, but will remove any coating from the tongue upon the other side, leaving the tongue in a clean and healthy condition. The scraper is also supposed to be a good member and to keep it free from any eruption. The blade is usually plain and burnished, but in the more expensive styles it is chased in patterns that are almost Greek in their beauty and grace.

The Treatment of Headache.
"There are so many causes for head aches and so many conditions that lead up to this distressing malady that it is often very difficult to diagnose the case properly," said a medical man of the matter is not reached by medicine. It is a case of the brain being overworked and may lead to dangerous consequences. It is evident, therefore, that any course of treatment that relieves the overfull blood vessels of the brain must be desirable. It is in this sense that the reliable physician, if one is within reach, but this is a great many people are averse to doing, and some are so situated that medical aid is not within call. For this class of patients a simple remedy may be mentioned that has been found to be of relieving many a sufferer and is so easily applied and so absolutely harmless that it is well worth knowing:

"When the headache, thumping sensation begins in the head, take equal quantities of pure cayenne pepper and flour. Mix them up with water to form a smooth paste thick enough to spread like a salve. Put this upon a piece of soft paper and apply it to the back of the neck and the sides of the head. In warm weather it is best to wash the neck with a cloth wet with soap and water, as the oily perspiration may interfere with the action of the plaster.

Our great advantage of cayenne pepper plaster over mustard is that, while the plaster frequently blisters, the former never does so, no matter how strong it is applied. In the use of mustard, if the skin is broken, all treatment must cease and the patient must be bled, when the plaster loses its effect, another may be applied without unpleasant consequences."

Did the Ants Talk?
Sir James Boyle, the great Irish naturalist, always contended that ants had a language of their own, by which they made known their wants and fears to one another. One day he was encountered a colony that were evidently moving to new quarters. All appeared in the very best of spirits, and whenever two met the naturalist noted that they put their heads together as though they were talking. To ascertain the matter in his own mind as to whether they were really talking or not, he killed one of them to observe the effect it would have on the others. The eyewitness to the murder hastened to the rear and halted every one of the survivors. The column by laying their antennae together. The column instantly separated to the right and the left, none of the marchers afterward passing within less than six feet of the dead ant. It was, though the remains of the ant, laid directly in the beaten path.—St. Louis Republic.

Worse Than a Savage.
Tattered Torme—I call de mug w'at don't give a bloke 25 cents a barbarian. Willie (the dude tramp)—Whereof a barbarian, my boy?

Tattered Torme—Beens he "gives no quarter." See!—New York Ledger.

Those who attain to any excellence of body and mind, life is a long single pursuit, for excellence is not often gained on easier terms.—Johnson.

The Sierra Nevada.
Dr. Turner, who has made the geology of the Sierra Nevada a long time study, has published a monograph of which he asserts, with plausible reasoning, that the many kinds of rock characterized that formation have been formed in part by deposition beneath the sea, and in part by intrusion of igneous masses, also by eruption from volcanoes, and portions of them have been subsequently metamorphosed. While the southern portion of the range is composed of granite, he finds that the central and northern parts were of igneous origin, and that the igneous rocks of the range, but great masses of granite and other igneous rocks have been intruded among the schists, forming irregular bodies, which interrupt the regular structure and which are generally bordered each by a zone of gneiss metamorphism. These schists, with their associated igneous masses, form the older of the two great groups of rocks recognized in the Sierra Nevada.

The Real Reason.
Said Mrs. Hummum, "I learned to cook without any difficulty at all. There was only one trouble about it."

"What was that?"

"Educating my husband's appetite."

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For Coughs, Colds, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Asthma, etc.

THE WATCHFUL CHAMOIS.
A Wary Old Stager, Hard to Catch, Is the Veteran Buck.

He is a wary old stager, your veteran soldier, and even more difficult to dish out than the best of the best. In the day time he lies perdu in the shadow of some overhanging rock, only emerging in the early morning and evening to feed. Like his human companion, the elderly hunter, he is a club, I was about to say, but at any rate in some sequestered nook where the ladies cannot bother him. Fortunately, too, he has a rooted and very proper aversion to being disturbed at his meals, and if you can only catch him at dinner time he is so preoccupied that, in any opinion, he is then easier to approach than he is his day.

As my favorite hunter, Jean Baptiste Potemkin, justly observed, "The buck is not a misanthrope, but rather a fastidious admirer of the gentler sex." "O'jest, t'oujours les femmes qui sont les plus mechantes!" Your old doe is always so hospitably suspicious. She cannot even set her foot on a stone, but betwixt the nibbles she must needs look around and sniff the air to see if anybody is coming. If a pebble ticks down the mountain side she pricks her ears, she looks back sideways and seems to mutter to herself, "I wonder who that what noise can be." The most annoying creatures that I know are those outlying doe sentinels of the herd, who upset the best laid plans and convert the best prospects of success into miserable failures.

Many a time, as you are stealthily creeping along some narrow ledge, fondly imagining that you are well screened from view, a shrill alarm whistle from a lofty crag above you tells you that a watchful guardian of the band which your telescope had failed to spy out. The remainder take the hint at once and are gone in the twinkling of an eye.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Lost-A Point.
Historic are the instances of points missed in the retelling of a good story. Who has not heard of Charles Lamb's "badly tired" which was lost in the "badly wearied," with a consequent loss of the point? And here is one that was overheard at one of the little French restaurants.

One of the habitemes of the place had just returned with a coat of tan that spoke even louder for a glorious vacation than any words.

"I've been roaming around through the upper parts of the state," he said, "and many quaint and curious things have I seen. One of them was an old as the hills, I guess. It's name, too, was particularly appropriate for a hotel, 'Dow Drop Inn.'"

MODERN BODY ARMOR.
Quite a Lot of It Exists and Is Worn in Spite of the Time.
The experiments with bullet proof coats and material which have been conducted here and abroad have called attention to the fact that mail protection did not entirely pass away with the shelving of the shield and cuirass. Many English officers still wear a partial armor when serving on foreign stations.

The commonest and most useful type of these protections consists of thin, beautifully tempered single chains, inclosed in soft leather, which run along the shoulders, down the outer side of the arms, and over certain parts of the body. These are either sewed into an particular tunic, or they can be adjusted separately and put on like harness. Hundreds upon hundreds of these sets are sold. The most valuable of all chains in connection with accoutrements are those which guard the head, and in cases where the regulation cap or helmet is not sufficiently protected in this way specially made chains are sewed inside the same and covered by the lining.

Only those who have been in actual conflict know how valuable all the chains mentioned are in minimizing the effects of sword cuts. As regards protection both from sword and bullet the best armor is that of the chest, thoroughly tanned leather, and great quantities are made for officers, the favorite pattern—said to be the invention of the late Sir Richard Burton—being that which forms a not too prominent ridge down the center of the chest. Many stories are told by officers of bullets which have been averted in some degree by these leather tunics, some of which are lined with woven steel wire. Of course none of these things are supposed to be a substitute for protection, but only a sort of palliative.

A London gunsmith, who sells a great many chain body protectors, which fit almost like an ordinary vest and are very expensive, sells a large number of them to army men, and he has long sent a gross, as many as he can get made in the time, to Japan, where they were quickly sold. He has made for individual officers who have themselves patterns of armor. Fine flexible chain and leather have entered into nearly all of them.—Boston Post.

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"I've been roaming around through the upper parts of the state," he said, "and many quaint and curious things have I seen. One of them was an old as the hills, I guess. It's name, too, was particularly appropriate for a hotel, 'Dow Drop Inn.'"

His hearers commented on the aptness and later in the evening, when a stranger joined the party, one of the number tried to tell about this hotel and could not understand why the latter did not see the aptness when he was told that on the signboard were the words, "Please Walk In."—New York Herald.

Most Fortunate of Men.
"Dolor—There's not much for me to live for; I don't suppose I have a friend in all the world."

Philo—Not much to live for? None—If you have no friend, you have no money to borrow money of you, nobody to call when you are in the middle of an interesting book, nobody to tell stories about you to other people; nobody, in short, to bore you before your face and to abuse you behind your back. And you say you have nothing to live for!—Boston Transcript.

The Real Reason.
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IN HUB MARKETS.
Improvement Noted in the Butter Situation.
Still Higher Prices for Late Made Cheese—Wide Range Rules For Eggs. Potatoes Plentiful—Overstock of Poultry.

Boston, Oct. 30.—The butter situation shows a further improvement as regards consumption, exports and stocks. The export movement has an especially favorable influence on the market, and has opened an outlet for large quantities of hold butter, which four or five weeks ago it was feared would have to be carried over into next season or forced off at a great sacrifice.

While fresh made butter remains steady, with no advance for two weeks, held stock has advanced 1 cent, and is fully 2 cents higher than the lowest point two months ago. The held butter is coming out of the cold storage in perfect order, and grocers, as well as exporters, are buying it quite freely.

For the general run of fresh western creamery 21 to 22 cents is the rate, with 22½ to 23 cents for special brands. These grades move off fairly, but are not active. Fresh northern dairy butter is meeting with a fair sale at 18 to 20 cents for the general run of choice, with 21 to 23 cents for fine selections. Jobbers of fine fresh creamery continue to serve their customers at 24 to 25 cents.—Some may ask 26 cents before the week is out.

Best time creamery butter is selling at 19 to 20 cents for western, and 21 cents for northern. The latter price was obtained for several round lots.

Other Produce.
A wide range ruled for eggs. For the general run of fresh western 19 to 20 cents is obtained, but special marks of Michigan sell readily at 21 to 22 cents, and a few selected lots at 23 cents. A strictly fresh new laid nearby stock are worth from 25 to 30 cents.

Eggs from cold storage have sold from 16 to 17 cents, but must be very good to bring outside price.

The bean market continues quiet on 16 to 17 cents. A bushel for choice marrow pea and mediums; yellow eye, \$1.70 to \$1.75.

Potatoes continue in large supply, and sell at 12 to 13 cents. A bushel of Michigan select ready at 21 to 22 cents, and a few selected lots at 23 cents. A strictly fresh new laid nearby stock are worth from 25 to 30 cents.

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